

CHARLES A. KRIDER

Nominated by the Democratic Convention for State Senator.

A STRONG CANDIDATE.

The nomination is made by acclamation and the Democratic Convention is enthusiastic over the matter—Mr. Krider didn't seek the nomination.

The Democratic senatorial convention met this morning in assembly room of the city hall, and did the wise thing by nominating ex-Sheriff Charles A. Krider, of Massillon, for state senator.

Chairman William J. Piero called the convention to order. A. Pontius was made permanent chairman, and J. H. Reigner secretary. Mr. Pontius thanked the delegates for the honor conferred. Hon. Johnson Sherrick said that in the past there were times when this office had gone begging for a candidate, and those years the Democrats were successful. He placed in nomination Charles A. Krider, and said if he could carry the county by as big a margin as he did before, he would be easily elected.

The nomination was seconded by Edgar Shimp, of Alliance, and J. H. Reigner moved that Mr. Krider be nominated by acclamation.

Mr. Krider secured the floor and asked the convention not to make the mistake of nominating him, as success was in view and the proper man could easily win. He said he could not accept the nomination for several reasons, among the number being that he had an aged mother at home who didn't want him to go into a campaign.

There was a short consultation and all urged Mr. Krider to be a candidate. He finally consented and the motion to nominate by acclamation carried without a dissenting vote. Loud applause followed the vote and on motion the convention adjourned.

THEY ARE OFF.

The Canton Companies of Militia Depart for the State Camp Grounds.

The local militia to the number of about 250, left this morning on the C. C. & S., for their annual week in camp at Newark. The boys met at the armory, shortly after 8 o'clock, and, under the command of Senior Captain Fraese, marched down East Tuscarawas street to the depot, to the inspiring strains of martial music played by Thayer's band.

The uniforms and accoutrements of the soldiers glistened in the sun, and the noble bearing of the boys pleased hundreds of Cantonians who stood on the streets to witness their departure. Many compliments were passed on the companies for their fine appearance.

At the depot, an immense crowd was present. The boys hurriedly entered the train, consisting of two baggage and four passenger cars, and the train pulled out. At Coshocton the train will be transferred to the Pan Handle route, and thence to Newark. The ambulance service was not taken along.

OUR "WILLIE BOYS"

Were Not treated Well at Alliance—Gruyed and Bespattered With Mud.

Three Canton youths turned up in Alliance last evening and created quite a stir among the youths, both male and female, of the city. They were distinctly up to date and in the eyes of the Alliance lads, were a little ahead of the age.

They wore the immaculate white duck trousers, tan shoes, blue serge coats and wore wide-brimmed straw hats with bands of variegated colors. They soon picked up certain female "friends" and then made themselves very noticeable by their actions.

This was too much for certain youths of Alliance. The "Willie boy" at home is bad enough, but an out of town "Willie" is an object of hate to the average kid. So when the young men walked up the street making themselves conspicuous, they were gazed unmercifully.

When they went to the depot to take No. 15, the Alliance boys threw mud at them, and the boys were streaked with mud of a dark hue. Their apparel was ruined for the time being, and they departed from this city with feelings not the most kindly to Alliance talent.—Alliance Critic.

SHE HAS RABIES.

A Massillon Girl Froths at the Mouth and Gnashes Her Teeth.

The 15-year-old daughter of Lucian Aglor, who lives west of Massillon, has been attacked with hydrophobia. Some years ago while yet a child, she was bitten by a dog. The dog was killed to guard against hydrophobia, and the child recovered, and it was not thought that she would ever experience any evil results from the wound. But while visiting her grandmother at Bolivar, in the early part of the week, she became apparently in sane and raved like a maniac. She frothed at the mouth and it was necessary for her attendants to force linen cloths into her mouth to prevent her from grinding off her teeth. A physician pronounced the disease hydrophobia, and the girl is now attending the young woman, states that she is not afflicted with the general hydrophobia, but what is commonly known as "false hydrophobia," brought on by nervousness and imagination.

THE HORSE WORLD.

Some Exciting Sport at the Ashtabula Races Yesterday—Result of the Contests.

The Ashtabula races closed yesterday. Octavia won the 2:30 trot, Goldsmith getting the first heat and second money. Atlanta was third and Iowa Maid fourth. Best time 2:37 1/2.

Brown Frank won the 2:15 pace. Nicoll took two heats and second money. Harry Omar got one heat and third money. Subscriber was fourth. Best time 2:16 1/2.

Kapollina won the 2:35 trot with Darby second. Frantz third and Chick Bills fourth. Best time, 2:22 1/2.

Colonel Hevers won the 2:35 pace. Alago was second and Alice Nims third. Best time 2:35 1/2.

A SECRET MARRIAGE.

Andy Good and Mary Clark Were Married Months Ago But Kept It Quiet.

Andy Good and Mary Clark were married on October 16, 1894, by Rev. J. N. Field. At the request of the groom the affair has been kept very quiet and didn't leak out until late yesterday afternoon. The couple has been living together at 44 South Young street, but very few people knew they were married. At the time the license was issued in probate court it was not put on the reporter's book, and consequently no mention was made of the license being granted, in the papers.

The wedding was a very quiet one, taking place at the Baptist parsonage, Mrs. Field being a witness. The husband didn't want any one to know he was married, but the wife could not see any reason for so much secrecy and consequently the matter became known.

ROBBERY AT WAYNESBURG.

The residence of Mr. Franklin R. Yarger, a prominent farmer living one-quarter of a mile west of Waynesburg, was entered Thursday evening while the family was at Buffalo Bill's show. Over \$30 in cash was stolen. No clue to the thieves.

DEATH RECORD.

George J. Young, of Pike township, died this morning at one o'clock. Funeral services will be held at Sparks, at 2 o'clock, Sunday afternoon. Mr. Young was 77 years of age. Interment will be at Sparks cemetery.

Clarence, the three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bauchler, of 211 West Seventh street, died with liver trouble Friday. The funeral will be held from St. John's church Sunday afternoon.

A telegram from W. A. Nickerson, of the Canton Pump company, from Wellington, O., this morning, announced the death of his father at that place. The remains arrived here this afternoon, and the body will be placed in the vault at Westlawn.

AMONG THE SQUIRES.

Wednesday afternoon, in Justice Darr's court, W. H. Rittersbaugh, in behalf of the Bricklayers' Union, No. 6, of Canton, swore out an affidavit against Frank Scholtz, charging him with misappropriating the society's funds in the sum of \$139.60.

Scholtz was arrested at Hartsville by Constable Jackson, and arraigned before Squire Darr. He pleaded not guilty to the charge, and gave \$500 bond for his appearance September 7, at 1 p. m.

The case of Fred Miller against David Wise, of North Industry, for assault and battery, is being tried before Squire Darr today, and is being severely contested. Bow and Upham appear for the prosecution, and Jones and Hudson for the defense.

LANDSALES.

The following tracts in real estate have been filed with the county auditor: Dudley Reed has sold Jack Mades 21-100 acres of land in the first ward for \$500.

IN THE COUNTY.

Mary D. Dornady has sold to E. T. Chandler lot 207 in the second ward of Massillon for \$3,200.

E. S. Raff has sold to Maria S. Saxton five acres in Canton township for \$3,000.

John J. Maudru has sold to H. E. Moulter lot 5 in Canal Fulton, Lawrence township, price not recorded.

Louis Wagner has sold to Alice Williams, 25-100 acres in the third ward of Massillon for \$3,500.

W. Smith has sold to Mathew Switten a part of lot 377 in the fourth ward of Massillon; consideration not recorded.

WROTE MEAN LETTERS.

Mary Flood was arrested yesterday at Bolivar by Deputy United States Marshal Robert M. Hildan, at the instance of Postoffice Inspector Holmes. Mrs. Flood is charged with sending obscene letters through the mails to Mrs. Fred App, also of Bolivar. Mrs. App has been greatly annoyed by receiving slanderous missives, and reported the occurrence to the postmaster. Inspector Holmes immediately took charge of the case, and the above arrest resulted. The Flood woman denies having written the letters, but several will be furnished as evidence, and the Bolivar postmaster and Mrs. App will both testify.

INFORMATION WANTED.

I. T. Whistler, Wolf Point, Montana, asks of Postmaster Monnot, as a personal favor, of any person knowing the whereabouts of Miss Maud Alexander, or any person claiming relationship to one William Alexander, formerly operator with the W. & L. E. R. R., at Massillon.

WHO WANTS TO GO.

Some Stark county boys who wish to take the course in agriculture at the Ohio State university, can go for nothing this year. The course is valuable and practical. The full fee scholarship can be secured by applying to Secretary A. J. Dehoff of the Agricultural society, at once.

AN OLD RESIDENT GONE.

Mrs. Catherine Richards, one of Minerva's oldest citizens, died Wednesday of heart trouble. She has been a widow for thirty-five years, her husband, William Richards, having cut his throat from ear to ear with a corn cutter while temporarily insane during the war.

LICENSED TO MARRY.

The following marriage licenses have been granted: James M. Grunder and Florence B. Hughes, Minerva. William Henry Grove and Laura Shambell, Massillon.

Local Paragraphs

Charles Shively, of Massillon, while picking wild cherries, slipped from the limb upon which he was standing and fell to the ground. He was injured internally, and his hand was so badly crushed that bones protruded through the flesh.

The Lens woolen factory at Wilmet was burglarized Thursday night. A large amount of valuable yarns and shirts were stolen.

Captain Day retires and Captain C. M. Rockefeller of the Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been assigned to Mt. Union college for military work the coming year.

The Walnwright Coal company offers Josiah Stanbury \$400 for right of way to put a railroad track across his farm at Pigeon Run. Josiah wants \$1,000, and now they will go to law about it.

A man is wise when he seeks wisdom; a knave when he thinks he has acquired it.—Fontenelle.

A VALUABLE WHALE.

THE BIG FISH THAT FOUND THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

A Retired Sea Captain Tells of Its Capture—What an Imbedded Harpoon Proved—Sorrowful Fate of the Courageous Captain of the Neptune.

Among the old sea dogs that frequent South street is Captain Thomas Barnes. He is famous as a story teller, and from his 50 years' experience on the water he has a rich fund of yarns to draw upon. A captain sailed his last ship some years ago.

"As far back as the middle of the sixteenth century," said the captain the other day, "attempts were made by daring seamen to circumnavigate America. Holland and England eagerly desired a shorter route to India.

This desire for a shorter route to India, when first felt by the Dutch and English, was the beginning of the era of polar exploration. In 1815 the English offered a reward of \$1,000,000 for the discovery of the northwest passage. Later, in the fall of 1859, I was second mate of the Neptune, a stout whaling bark that had been fitted out in San Francisco by her captain and owner for an expedition in search of the northwest passage. We shipped a full crew for the purpose of first making a whaling voyage, and in the following year, after touching at the Sandwich Islands some time in May, passed through Bering strait and face the arctic winter in about 77 degrees northern latitude.

"Not a soul on board the vessel save the captain and his four officers were aware of the ultimate object of our voyage, he explaining his reticence afterward by saying that if he should not succeed in making a name for himself as an arctic explorer, at least no one should know of his failure. Leaving the Golden Gate, the Neptune made her way to the southwest, heading for the sperm whale feeding grounds among the South and as soon as we had four months we had the ship loaded down with sperm oil. We had caught 25 whales, averaging about 100 barrels of oil each.

"Then we sailed northward, and catching the trade winds from the southwest steered a straight course for the Sandwich Islands, discharged our cargo at Honolulu, took on provisions and water and set sail for the Arctic coast. But as we had adverse winds and general discomfort marked our route to Bering strait. From Point Barrow we steered a northwesterly course, past Wrangell and Herald Islands, to the north of which we encountered great ice floes. We saw several whales, but they were always to the windward of us, and therefore we did not bother them.

"One morning a big spout was sighted not more than five miles off our bow. The yards were hauled into the wind, all hands called on deck and the boats lowered. We had eight of them, splendid, fast sailing whaleboats, 30 feet long, with big centerboards which enabled them to stand up to almost any kind of a breeze. After a hot chase we got the whale, which was a tremendous fellow, and as soon as we had him alongside the ship the work of cutting him up commenced. One of the men standing on the dead monster's back and cutting through the neck bone with an ax discovered a rusty old harpoon sticking in the blubber and partly in the flesh of the whale. This was not at all strange, as it often happens that a whale is harpooned and the line has to be cut for some reason. This harpoon was cut out and handed to the captain. Every one of these iron bears the name of the vessel to which it belongs, and it was certainly interesting to know what ship had been after the same whale, the blubber of which was now being hoisted on board the Neptune. A little sandpaper applied to the rusty iron soon disclosed the name. It was Simon Davis.

"Great heavens," exclaimed the captain, "that ship!" But he was too agitated to say more. His knees shook under him, and great drops of perspiration stood on his brow, though the thermometer showed 28 degrees below zero. He recovered himself quickly, however, and asked me to come to the cabin with him. On arriving there he gasped out:

"I have found the northwest passage!" "The devil you have!" I exclaimed rather disrespectfully, thinking that his mind was unbalanced.

"No devil about it," he replied. "Look here," and he held that twisted harpoon so that I could read the name engraved on it.

"Simon Davis," I read aloud. "What about it?"

"What about it? That ship has never been in the western arctic ocean. This harpoon struck the whale on the other side, and he has found a passage through the archipelago. The northwest passage exists, and this little piece of iron is the incontrovertible proof of it. There would be only one other way for that whale to get from the eastern into the western arctic ocean, and that is around Cape Horn. That is not possible. He would have to pass the equator twice. An arctic whale would perish before he came within 30 degrees of the line."

"We know that a northwest passage existed. It was found for us to find it. The next day a heavy fog set in and as bad luck would have it we got into a current which drifted us south among a lot of loose ice. It was impossible to see anything half a ship's length ahead, and the current took us along at a five knot rate. Suddenly the lookout on the foremast yelled out to the man at the wheel: 'Hard aport! Quick, quick, for God's sake!'"

"But it was too late. An enormous piece of ground ice lay square in the ship's path and we struck it with our starboard bow. For a moment the vessel quivered like a living thing, then she listed to starboard, going down faster and faster as the water rushed into the great hole in her side. There was no time to save anything. Every man scrambled for the life boat, but he could. The captain was the last to leave the ship. When nothing but a part of the poop deck remained above water, he jumped for the ice, but he sprang short and fell into the sea. At that moment the Neptune gave a sudden lurch and sank out of sight. The vortex caused by the ship's descent drew our gallant captain under and his kind, brave face was never seen again.

"I shall not attempt to describe our sufferings on that piece of ice. For five days not a morsel of food, no sleep and most of us wet to the skin. Forty-five of the men succumbed. We threw them into the sea, poor fellows, as soon as the last breath had fled for fear our gnawing, horrible hunger would make cannibals of us. On the sixth day after the foundering of the Neptune we were picked up by another whaler homeward bound and reached San Francisco without further adventure."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A man is wise when he seeks wisdom; a knave when he thinks he has acquired it.—Fontenelle.

"I may be young," said the very young man, "but my love for your daughter is as strong and true as if I were whitened by the snows of innumerable winters."

"Oh, I don't doubt your love," replied the stern father, "but have you ever had the measles or the whooping cough? It wouldn't be fair, you know, for us to take you into the family and have to nurse you through those complaints some time or other."—Indianapolis Journal.

A PALM READER.

How She Aroused and Started One Woman on the Road to Success.

"Let me tell you," said the successful woman, "how I got my first start. I was doing literally nothing and had just enough of a small income to pay cheap board in a second rate boarding house. One day I heard the ladies say that a palm reader was in the house, going from room to room, reading fortunes at 25 cents a palm."

"I told them to send her up to me, and after a little she came. I had expected to see a gypsyish looking creature, but to my surprise I saw a small, bright eyed young woman dressed mostly in black, and evidently a person of education. She sat down before me, took my hand, and after examining the palm a moment started and looked into my face keenly.

"Tricks of her trade," I said to myself and waited for her to speak. Her first words struck me like a blow.

"You have no ambition," I asked.

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"If you had any, you would not stay here. What are you doing?"

"I did not answer, and she continued: 'You do not paint pictures, looking at the bare walls, nor write books. You have a gift, but it is smothered in rubbish.'"

"Then, without a word about love or marriage, as the custom of her kind is, she dropped my hand and said sternly: 'Do something! Go somewhere! There is work waiting for you!'"

"I hunted two or three times and a 5 cent piece to give her, and I have thought since that if the coins had been gold that lesson would have been cheap. The words rang in my head: 'You have no ambition. Do something,' until I sought and obtained a position, which has brought me both money and fame."

"And the palm reader. Did you ever see her again?"

"No; but I learned some curious facts about her from a lady in the house, a school teacher, who lost her purse on the cars and was stranded in this town. She had studied palmistry, and being quick witted she put her knowledge to a practical test and earned enough money to continue her journey. I would like her to know what she did for me. Perhaps my case may help others out of the slough of indolence," concluded the successful woman. "To inspire myself I keep these three lines of Lowell pinned before my desk as a daily and hourly reminder: 'Greatly begin! Though but a fine Thou hast to write, but that sublime. Not failure, but low aim is crime.'"

THE COW TREE.

A Vegetable Freak Found in the Mountain Region of Venezuela.

The mountain region of Venezuela is the most remarkable botanical freaks known to the American continent. It is a tree which flourishes only upon the mountain sides, and always at the height of about 5,000 feet above sea level. It is lofty and slender for its height and has broad, stiff leaves of a dusty white color, which give it the appearance of being almost dead. What is curious about this tree with the stiff leaves and trunk and dead looking leaves and branches? It is odd enough, sure, for, although it is a very stumpy looking forest growth, it is known the world over as the "milk" or "cow tree"—the famous "palo de vaca," which Humboldt so glowingly describes. It is an evergreen variety, and those who have used its "milk" pronounce it "perfectly delicious." When the traveler, hunter or native of the Venezuelan mountains is th: d, hungry or thirsty, he needs but to cut the bark of the cow tree in order to be rewarded with a copious flow of this milky sap which is said to be even sweeter and richer than the milk of the best high grade Jersey. If collected in vessels and allowed to stand for some little time, say from 8 to 12 hours, it grows thick and yellow, and the "cream" goes through the process of "rising to the top" just as it does in ordinary milk.

At about the time of sunrise, according to Humboldt and other well known scientists, is the hour chosen by those acquainted with the tree's peculiarities for tapping the bark. At that time the milk is believed to be more palatable and nutritious than if taken after the sun has been acting for some hours upon the leaves. Attempts have been made to cultivate the cow tree, both in Mexico and in the smaller Central American republics, but so far, all such innovations have been failures. As soon as it is removed from the mountain sides, and in its native land, where the natives have tried to grow it in the valleys, it withers and dies.—St. Louis Republic.

Weed Seeds, Wind and Snow.

Some interesting investigations have been made at the South Dakota experiment station in the distribution of weed seeds by winter winds. For example, the contents of a snowdrift on plowed land 2 feet square, 3 inches deep, 10 rods from any standing weeds were melted, and 32 weed seeds belonging to nine species were found in it. Other tests confirm the fact that seeds are carried great distances upon the snow. Another test was made by pouring half bushel pails of oats and millet upon the snow crust when the wind was 15 miles an hour. Both millet and oats passed a point 20 rods from the place where they were placed in 40 seconds. A 25 mile wind was found to drift wheat grains 30 rods in a minute. Of course, when winds on the plains keep blowing in one direction for days, seeds will travel many miles. The moral of these investigations seems to be that in the great western plains at least in winter ground may help to scatter seed during the winter over great areas, and they will be buried in the soil when the snow melts.—Garden and Forest.

Anxious to Suit.

The quick witted conductor and the final dude were both on a Madison street cable train. The long coated dude was occupying more than his fair share of space, and as the car filled up the conductor undertook to secure room for another passenger.

"Move up there, gent," he said.

But the dude objected to the abbreviated term applied to him.

"I say, I'm no 'gent,'" he protested.

"Move up a little, lady," responded the conductor promptly.

He moved.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Risk Too Great.

"I may be young," said the very young man, "but my love for your daughter is as strong and true as if I were whitened by the snows of innumerable winters."

"Oh, I don't doubt your love," replied the stern father, "but have you ever had the measles or the whooping cough? It wouldn't be fair, you know, for us to take you into the family and have to nurse you through those complaints some time or other."—Indianapolis Journal.

BAREBACK RIDING.

AN OLD INTERVIEW WITH FISH WHICH IS INTERESTING.

What the Champion of the World, Recently Deceased, Had to Say of His Calling Away Back in 1880—The Value of a Good Horse—Dangers of the "Twister."

Charles W. Fish, the bareback rider, was probably the best known rider in the world and held the championship for years, doing many remarkable feats which the younger men in the profession never excelled. He was born in Philadelphia in 1839. He came of good old stock. The following interview with him, published in Philadelphia in 1880, will be interesting, especially to circus men and lovers of the tent show:

"What is necessary, Mr. Fish, to become a first class performer?"

"Well, there are a good many things necessary. To climb to the top of the tree—on the back of the horse, properly—a child's training, boy or girl, should begin at the age of 5 or 6, not later than 7 or 8 years anyhow. The first steps are to give the body that elasticity so essential, and this is done by practicing all kinds of tumbling on the ground. Somersaults, backward and forward, hand springs or discharges in fact, all that tumbles do in a circus. When you become thoroughly proficient in this sort of thing, the next step is to put him on the back of a horse and teach him how to keep his balance. There are two ways of doing this to keep a juvenile from mastering it at the risk of a broken neck. One is by the 'mechanic,' a modern invention, by which the rider is held suspended in the air if he leaves the horse's back while going around the ring. The other is to have a rope attached to the boy's waist, which passes through a ring on the side of the pad, the end being held by the teacher. As soon as the boy begins to topple and is seen going a strong pull on the rope brings him up against the side of the horse and keeps him there until he can clamber back again."

"I began riding when I was 9 years old at Spaulding & Rogers' old circus in Cincinnati, in 1848, but I've been all over the world since that. No, my family were not professional people. I yearned to become a rider the first time I ever saw a circus, like ninety-nine out of every hundred boys in America. "American male riders are the best in the world, but we look for the best lady riders in Europe. In Europe, we have known Frenchmen, Englishmen and Spaniards to be billed as the 'Great American Horseman.' Some of these men never saw this side of the Atlantic. There is no reason why the riders there should not be better than American riders from the fact that they are six months in a place at a time and have time to know their ring thoroughly. That is a more important matter than it seems at first sight. A foot's difference makes a very serious matter. The ring is usually 42 feet in diameter, and a rider counts on that. A single foot larger or smaller makes it necessary for the performers to strike a different angle, inclining more inward as the ring gets smaller and more perpendicular if the dimensions are increased. Yes, bareback riding is the most difficult of course. A pad rider generally requires four or five years' hard practice bareback before he can be trusted for a clean, finished performance. You see, on pad riding a man doesn't have to take into account the horse's backbone or the curve of the back. It is perfectly level on a pad, and just so much easier. A great deal depends on the horse."

"Value? Well, a first class horse is not for sale at any price. You've got to use a horse three or four years before you can depend upon him with absolute certainty. Reputation, living—life itself—depend upon a bareback rider having under him a horse on which he can positively depend to be just at the right place at the right time. The swerving of an inch, the quickening or slowing of the pace to the half length of a hoof, may mean a broken arm, perhaps a broken neck. Realize the danger! Why, of course we do. I've had a horse stumble on me when I was half way up in a somersault, and before I got down I could realize that I was in danger of never getting up alive. It only cost me a fractured arm, however, which is all right now."

"The most critical moment in my life was while I was doing a 'twister' in 1875. James Robinson and myself were with Montgomery Queen's circus on our way overland from San Francisco. We were billed as the rival champions, and at Muskegon, Mich., on the 16th of August, I first did the 'twister.' Now, I'll tell you what it is. There are three banners held very close together. As I ride, with my face to the first, I jump, piroquette and come down again face forward, instantly up again—for it must be done in an instant—and half piroquette over the second, thus bringing my back to the horse's head, when I again alight, then, quick as a flash, up and turning a somersault, twist my body around when in the air, so as to reverse my position and when I alight on my feet having my head in front, as the horse goes. I had practiced it on the ground for ten years, but on a bareback horse it is a very different affair. We were in Detroit, and among the audience were J. M. French and a number of other prominent circus men. All were anxious to see the 'twister.' The ring was wet and in bad condition, and I had only about one-third of the circle to work in. Three, four, five times I tried it and failed. The sixth time, with every nerve strung to its utmost tension, with my teeth firmly set and my hands clinched, I was determined to succeed. The audience rose almost on masses with excitement, and cries of 'Well done, anyhow! Don't try it again!' maddened me. The first step was all right, so was the next, but as I left for the final spring the horse stumbled slightly. It was too late. I was up in the air and came down with a terrific crash, head and shoulders, just locating my elbow. I didn't do the 'twister' just then."

"Ever try it again?"

"Oh, yes," was the winding up sentence of the interview, "I do it now!"

What He Wanted.

Young Joblots—Mr. Bullion, I have come to tell you that your daughter is all the world to me.

Old Bullion—You're another of those fellows who want the earth.

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Why, the world is the earth, isn't it, and as my daughter is all the world to you doesn't it follow that you want the earth?"

"Well, yes, if you put it that way."—New York Tribune.

Too Expensive.

Dr. Hyphoe is suffering with a carbuncle and has called another doctor to prescribe for it.

"Why doesn't he prescribe for himself?"

"Great Scott! He can't afford it."—Chicago Tribune.



Waterproof collars and cuffs that you can clean yourself by simply wiping off with a wet sponge. The genuine look exactly like linen and every piece is marked this way:



They are made by covering a linen collar or cuff with "celluloid," and are the only waterproof goods made with an interlining, and the only goods that can stand the wear and give perfect satisfaction. Never wilt and not affected by moisture. Try them and you will never regret it. Ask for those with above trade mark and refuse any imitations. If your dealer does not have them we will mail you a sample direct on receipt of price. Collars 25c. each. Cuffs 50c. pair. State whether stand-up or turned-down collar is wanted.

The Celluloid Company, 427-429 Broadway, New York.